

Napalm Death "Walls of Confinement"

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Lyrics : lee dorrian / music : mick harris

Before my eyes I see a wall,
12 000 miles high,
And the same amount wide.

Within that wall are faces of people
To whom I once could relate.

Now communicating seems hard,
When there's an ego barrier to break through.

Opinions of self opinion cloud a new horizon.
The vision a mere illusion.

Biased in conclusion, trapped in seclusion,
To the outside - exclusion.
When an attitude is so biased,
What can you expect to change ?

Banging your head,
But the wall's not moving,
It's enclosing.

Burning so much energy.
Enthusiasm burning.
Is change the real obsession ?

Or with a sense of pretention,
Do you merely strive for credible attention ? ? ?

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